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WOODSTOCK, VT., WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1884.

WHOLE NO. 2173.

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Rutland Business Cards.

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Mother's Work.

PART I.

Baking, stewing and broiling.

Broiling, frying and boiling.

Sweeping, dusting and cleaning.

Washing, starching and ironing.

Kilting, turning and mending.

Cutting, lacing and stitching.

Making the old like new.

Shoe-stitching to lace.

Paces to wash.

Buttons to sew.

And the like of such.

Stockings to darn.

While the children play.

Sticks to tell.

Tears wipe away.

Making them happy.

The living day.

It is ever thus from morn till night.

Who says that a mother's work is light.

PART II.

At evening, four

Little forms in white;

Pinned all about;

And the last good-night

Tucking them safe

In each downy bed;

Slightly asking,

Over each head,

That the dear Father

In heaven will keep

Safe all his darlings.

Awake or asleep.

I don't think the old song true ever will prove,

'Tis easy to labor 'till those that we love.'

PART III.

Ah! what does not I often say,

As I hang the tattered clothes away

And the tear drops start;

While my husband's heart

Aches for the mother across the way.

Where, oh, where are

His needles and thread?

All, all are gone.

Save one alone!

Folded their garments

With tender care,

Expressed the pillow

And washed the child;

No ribbon to tie.

No fices to wash.

No lace all away;

No sunny voices

To look into rest;

God gave them;

And took them;

And he knoweth best;

But oh, the heart anguish! the tears that fall!

This mother's work is the hardest of all!

—Philadelphia Sunday Republic.

JENNIE'S MISSION.

"Oh, this dull round of small duties,"

how tired I am of them all. How I wish

some grand mission in life would come

to me!"

Jennie Orison, the pretty little school-

mistress, leaned her chin upon her hand

as she stood in the above man-

ner, and gazed out over the gray spring

fields, whose dreary ploughed furrows

were thrusting their ragged faces up

through the rapidly disappearing snow-

drifts.

"Why, how the snow has gone to-

day," she had mentally as the changed

appearance of the fields struck her eye.

It was the last day of March, and all

winter long the snow had been heaped

in miniature mountain ranges by the

roadsides, and on the fields and

meadows. During the last week, warm

weather had set in, making rapid in-

roads upon snow and ice.

The children came running under the

window where Jennie stood, playing at

"Round the House." Then they

looked off together toward the brook

that rippled by the school-house, a few

rods distant. Jennie watched them

absently. Her mind was not upon her

duties that day. Her plodding round

in a country school-room seemed very

dull and mean to her. She sighed for

some great and lofty mission.

"If I could do some one great act,

heroic and noble," she said to herself,

"I would be willing to die then. What

is life worth if we must plod on forever

like this? I am no more than an ant,

or a spider, or a squirrel, with the life I

live! How gladly would I give up the

monotony of years of this routine for

one hour of sacrifice, heroism, and then

welcome death!"

How she hated her home life as she

looked back over her nineteen unevent-

ful years. She had always lived in this
dull country place, ever since she was a
wee child and her parents had emigrated
to the West. She had received her edu-
cation in this same little school-house,
attended divine service there also--as
the place boasted no church edifice--
and her only knowledge of the world
beyond was obtained by a yearly visit
to the city, fifty miles distant, where
the family supplies were purchased, and
from a few books and newspapers.
Now she was very tired of it all--
tired of her dull past, her dull present,
her dull future. Even the thought of her
fond, true lover, Jack Kellogg, who was
building the house where she was to reign
mistress, annoyed her to-day. How poor
and monotonous life stretched before her.
How much better to perform some one
grand act and die, than to live on to
old age in this dreary fashion. It was
a very romantic girl who stood there
in the little school-room dreaming her
discontented dreams, you see.

Suddenly she saw by the noon mark
that she was late for school. She had no
bell--for this was in the early days of
Wisconsin history, before the railroads
had spread their great iron spider webs
all over the state, and Jennie's school was
conducted on a very primitive plan. She
took the great ruler, with which she in-
flicted punishment on the palms of unruly
boys, and rapped loudly on the window.

Then she sat down and waited for the
pupils to come trooping in; not with the
regulation and order which governs
school-rooms in these days, but helter-
skelter, hurry, skurry, laughing, pushing,
shaking each other and playing "tag" to
their very benches.

"O, teacher, the creek is getting
awful high," said Tommy Smith, as he
plunged into his seat. And Jennie did
not correct him for the improper use of
"awful," which proved to be more
appropriate in this case than teacher
or pupil supposed.

"I suppose the snows are all melting
and running into it," she answered, ab-
sently, as she took her place at her
desk, and by another tap of the ruler
indicated that the afternoon session of
school was now in order.

Then she ran her eye over the room
to see that no pupils were missing.

"Where is 'Tod Brown,'" she asked,
"I do not see him here?"

Tod was the smallest child in the
school; a little boy scarcely five years old,
who was placed in her charge not so
much to learn his primer, as to keep
him out of his mother's way. She was
burdened with two smaller than he be-
sides a babe in the cradle.

"I left Tod down by the creek," an-
swered Tommy Smith, "playin' throw
pebbles into the water. I told him
school was called."

"You should have brought him along.
Tod is only a child," Jennie said re-
provingly. "But go and bring him
now; and hurry, for your lesson in
arithmetic comes on directly."

Tommy came back in a brief space of
time, white and frightened.

"Tod is stamin' on a stone and
cryin', and the water's all round him,"
he said, "I couldn't get near him at all."

The whole school rose on mass, and
Jennie at the head of the small army
led on to the rescue of Tod.

Yes, there he stood on a stone which
a little time before had been on the
shore, but now, alas! was in the midst
of the rapidly swelling stream, beyond
the reach of anyone in that little group.

"Mamma! mamma!" he called in
piteous tones. "Come and take Tod.
Tod is 'traid. Come, mamma, come!"

Jennie looked over her little flock of
pupils who crowded about her. Not
one of them was large enough to wade
out and rescue Tod. The only boy in
her school who might safely have at-
tempted this, had remained at home
that day to assist his father.

The water was rising higher every
moment. What was to be done, must
be done quickly, or the angry waves
would seize poor little Tod, and sweep
him away down the swelling stream.

"John," cried Jennie, speaking to
the largest boy in the flock, "you stand
here on the bank, while I wade out to
Tod. I shall want you to take him
from my arms as soon as I have him
safe. Some of the larger girls must
hold fast to your coat, so that you do
not fall into the stream."